568/1016 (7)

The Poor Nevoy Preſs'd,

AT THE

Deſire of the Deceitful Uncle:

OR,

Young GRIGOR's GHOST.

IN THREE PARTS.

Entered according to Order.

YOUNG GRIGOR'S GHOST.

PART I.

COME all ye young lovers in Scotland draw near,
Unto this ſad ſtory which now ye ſhall hear,
Concerning two lovers that liv'd in the North,
Amongſt the high mountains that ſtand beyond Forth.
The maid was the daughter of a gentleman,
In the name of M'Farlane, he of the ſame Clan;
But Grigor was born in a highland iſle,
And by blood relation her couſin we ſtyle.

But where riches is wanting, we oftentimes ſee
Few men are eſteem'd for their pedigree;
His father was forced, when he was a child,
To leave this realm, and when exil'd,
His lands they were forfeit, I let you to know,
Becauſe of rebellion, the truth for to ſhow:
Broad gold and vaſt riches he with him did give
For his education and how he might live.

And ſolely he to the care of his friend
Was left by his father for to be maintained;
He learn'd him indeed to read and to write,
In all rules of arithmetic he made him perfect.
In Latin and French he had him taught alſo,
That he through the world was fit for to go:
The King then recruiting all hands did employ.
While her father as a ſervant uſed this young boy

In all kinds of drudgery he made him to ſerve.
And ſtill he kept him as a corps of reſerve,
Such a beautiful young man was not in the place,
None could compare with him in ſtature and grace,
This charming Miſs Katty was oft in the way:
One day in love's paſſion ſhe to him did ſay,
My dear couſin Grigor, I've ſomething to tell,
Which now from my boſom this day I reveal.

You know with courtiers I'm plagu'd to the heart,
But you are the object that makes me to ſmart;
If you can but love me, dear couſin! ſaid ſhe,
I'm happy for ever, and therefore be free.
Then ſaid he, dear Katty, I'm all in a ſtun,
I ſuppoſe your intentions are nothing but fun;
For had I a ſubject to balance with you,
I'd count myſelf happy, your ſuit I might true.

Oh! ſaid ſhe, dear Grigor, I'm no ways in jeſt,
And if you deny me, then death's my requeſt;
You know the ſubſtance and wealth that I have,
'Tis enough to uphold us all gallant and brave.
I know that my parents for more riches are bent,
But a few years by nature will make them extinct,
To which time, my Grigor, I do make this vow,
That I never will marry another but you.

O then he conſented and flew to her arms,
And ſaid my dear Katty I'm kill'd with your charms,
But if your parents this fond love ſhould know,
They would ſoon carve out my ſad overthrow.
Of that my dear Grigor be ſilent I pray,
This night we will part, and we'll meet the next day
Under the broad oak, by the cave in the glen,
Where more of my mind unto you I'll explain.

PART II.

HER mother next morning by a blink of her eye,
Betwixt her and Grigor great love did espy;
And she to her husband the same has reveal'd,
Giving orders to watch them as they're in the field,
All day then her father went walking about,
And after her he still did keep a look out,
Till hard on the evening, she went off to the glen,
Where Grigor was waiting to hear her explain,

The way they should manage and make matters go,
Her father did follow and heard them also;
He stepped in softly, stood over the cave,
Hearing their discourse how they should behave,
At last he advanced, cry'd Grigor, what now?
Is this the reward from such an orphan as you?
You know I've maintain'd you since seven years old,
And now your intentions they seem very bold.

Then Grigor ask'd pardon, and thus he did say,
Sir, I'm at your disposal, then do as you may;
The old man in a passion there chiding did stand,
Till Katty took courage and took speech in hand.
What mean you dear father on us for to frown?
Was this man a beggar I'm sure he's our own;
He's of our own kindred, our flesh and our blood,
And you know very well his behaviour is good.

'Tis him that I chuse for my husband and shall,
Go give all your riches to whom that you will;
Do not think I'm a horse or a hog to be sold,
Away to some numskull that has nought but gold.

The father in a rage to her mother did go,
And told the proceeding with ſorrow and woe,
Yet ſeem'd that night as his anger had been gone,
Leſt that young Grigor the place ſhould abſcon.

But he ſent a meſſage into Inverneſs,
Which brought out a party young Grigor to preſs,
And for to make ready no time gave we hear,
He aſk'd for one favour, a word of his dear.
When being deny'd, the old man with a frown,
Said, ſoldiers can have ſweethearts in every town:
At this the young lady cry'd bitterly,
May the heavens requite you for your cruelty.

Young Grigor took courage and marched away,
When his Captain view'd him he to him did ſay,
For the lady that lov'd you ſir I pity her caſe,
Who's loſt ſuch a beauty and ſweet blooming face.
His lady cry'd out, What a wretch can he be,
Caus'd preſs this young man for no injury!
His long yellow hair to his haunches hang down,
Over his broad ſhoulders from ear to ear round.

Now Grigor conſidering his pitiful caſe,
Received the bounty and ſwore to the peace.
His Captain unto him a furlough he gave,
To ſee his dear Katty once more he did crave,
Two lines then he ſent her by a ſolid hand,
That he under the oak at midnight ſhould ſtand,
For to wait upon her and hear her complaint,
And there for to meet him ſhe was well content.

Her vows ſhe renewed with tears not a few,
And a gold ring on's finger at a token ſhe threw,

Such was not to move come death or come life,
In that happy moment he made her his wife;
She fain would go with him, but he answer'd no,
For your parents will follow and cause us more woe;
My Maker be witness and this green Oak said he,
That I ne'er shall enjoy a woman but thee.

And here where he left her a weeping full sore,
Poor creature she never got a sight of him more,
For in a short time thereafter he went to sea,
And left the sight of Britain with the tear in his eye,
And went to America, their orders were so,
There prov'd a gallant soldier and valour did show,
That for his behaviour they ne'er could him blame,
From a corporal at last to a serjeant he came.

PART III.

BEING near Fort Niagara, in the year fifty-nine,
On the 30th of July, as he always did incline,
To frequent the green-wood or some distant place,
To breathe out his sorrows his mind to solace,
Among the savage Indians, alas! here he fell,
But how he was murder'd, we cannot well tell;
But on the next morning they found him there dead,
Two Indians lay by him wanting their head.

Cut off with his broad sword as they understood,
As there all around him was nothing but blood:
Five wounds in his body, his hair scalpt away,
His clothes, sword and pistol, of all made a prey:
And one of his fingers from his hand they had cut,
On which the gold ring from his lover he got;
In that very moment, though in Scotland we hear,
A dreadful spectre to his love did appear.

As ſhe was a weeping under the green oak,
He quickly paſs'd by her and not a word ſpoke:
Yet ſhaking his left hand where the ring he did wear,
Which wanted a finger and blood drooping were.
Whereat the young lady was ſtruck with amaze,
And roſe to run after and on him did gaze,
As ſhe knew it was Grigor, but how in that place,
It made her to wonder and dread the ſad caſe.

With terror and grief home ſhe did retire,
And ſpent the whole night in weeping and prayer;
So early next morning ſhe roſe with the ſun,
Went back to the green-oak to weep all alone.
For always ſhe eſteem'd that place as we hear,
As on it ſhe got the laſt ſight of her dear:
As there ſhe ſat weeping and tearing her hair,
Again the pale ſpectre to her did appear.

And with a wild aſpect it ſtar'd in her face,
Then ſaid, O dear Katty do not me embrace;
For I'm but a ſpirit though ſhining in blood,
My body lies murdered in a foreign wood.
There's two wounds in my body and three in my ſide,
With hatchets and arrows that's both deep and wide,
My ſcalp and fine hair for a premium is ſold,
And alſo my finger with the ring of pure gold,

Which you threw upon it as a mark of true love,
Love's ſtronger than death, for it does not remove,
For my earneſt deſire it is for you my dear,
And till you are with me I'll ſtill wander here:
For this world's but vanity, all's but a vain ſhow,
It's nought to the pleaſures where we are to go:
She went to embrace him being void of all fright,
But he in a moment went out of her ſight.

When home in great horror to her father did run,
Cry'd, O cruel father now what have you done!
Grigor, lov'd Grigor, came to me in blood,
And his body lies murdered in an American wood.
He shewed me his wounds and each bloody sore,
And therefore my pleasures on earth are no more:
Her father look'd at her as one being amaz'd,
Then said my dear Katty your brains they are craz'd.

But still she maintain'd it and cry'd like a child,
And peevish she grew and look'd as if wild;
Her father and mother they used great toil,
But she never was seen for to laugh or to smile.
Her friends and her neighbours about her did come.
And us'd their endeavours to dispel the sad gloom,
Brought to her all doctors, whose skill was in vain,
Who still gave opinion she was found in the brain.

Her body decay'd and her face wan and pale,
She loan'd to her true love beyond death's dark vale;
First her then her mother in one night expir'd,
I hope she enjoys the bliss she desir'd.
Now the old father he cries bereft of all joys,
Though he has plenty of gold no girls nor boys:
Let all cruel parents to this take great heed,
His pretty young daughter is now with the dead.

FINIS.